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THE  
BOOK  
OF  
RIDDLES



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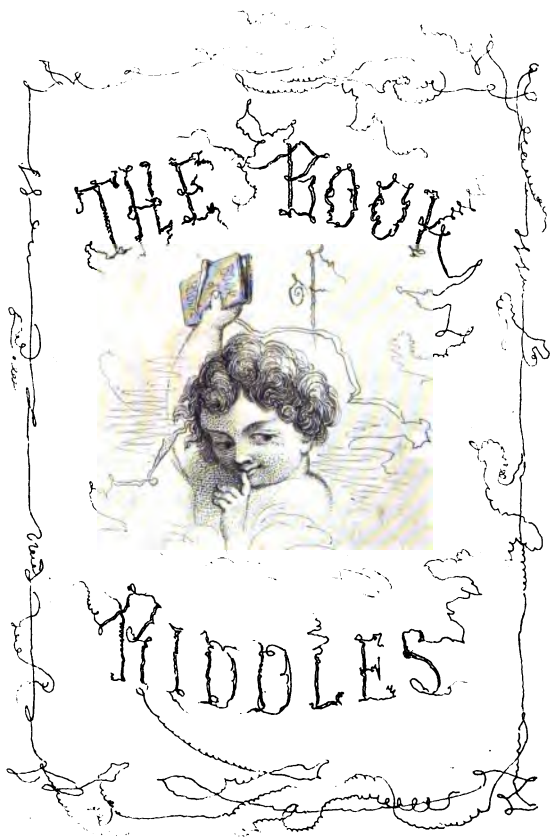












LONDON, DARTON & CO. HOLBORN HILL.





Pastimes for the Parlour.

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THE  
BOOK OF RIDDLES,

CONTAINING

CHARADES,  
ENIGMAS,  
CONUNDRUMS,  
REBUSES,

PUZZLES,  
ANAGRAMS,  
ACTING CHARADES,  
ACTING PROVERBS, &c.

BY

The Editress of "The Lady's Library."

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## P R E F A C E.

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WHILST so many admirably-conducted periodicals devote a portion of their columns to the proposal and solution of Riddles of various classes, it may seem somewhat presumptuous to offer to the public a brochure like the following. Yet it has not been done without mature consideration, and a conviction that it promised to be an acceptable gift in many family circles. I formed this belief on two grounds: in the first place, a style of literature (if, indeed, Riddle-making may aspire to being considered as a branch of the mighty "tree of knowledge") which depends so much on a mere play of words, is occasionally apt to merit but too well the definitions which Johnson gives of it—"a low jest,

a vulgar conceit;" secondly, although there are thousands of Riddles which reflect equal honour on the talents and the taste of the inventors, there are, also, many quite unfit for the school-room circle. They also possess another demerit in the eyes of young children; they are seldom sufficiently obvious to allow them the great pleasure of guessing them; and, if the expression of the face is to be trusted, it is but dull work to listen to the propounding of a series of conundrums which are above our capacity. Many a time have I watched the group of little eager faces, bright at first with hope and ambition, as a number of Riddles were proposed, gradually lose all animation and interest, as one after another was "given up,"—and regretted that some, at least, of the collection, were not more suited to the powers of the youngest members of the party, even though such simple Riddles might appear beneath the dignity of the elder branches of the group. And, therefore, in gratitude to

dear children, to whose society I have been indebted for most, if not all, of the happy hours of my life, I have endeavoured to repay to the many the affection of the few, by giving them this very simple book, in which, I think and hope, even very little children may find something they can like, because something they can guess. During the last twelve months I have given novel occupations in needlework to thousands; let me hope that, whilst mammas and elder sisters patronise my "Library," the present book may be a favourite in the Nursery and the School-room.

Perhaps a few words on the different sorts of Riddles may not be unacceptable.

We are all familiar with the classical story of

---

"The Theban monster that proposed  
Her riddle;—and him who solved it not, devoured;  
That, once found out and solved, for grief and spight  
Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep;"



and need not to be reminded, that Riddles have been favourite amusements from the earliest ages. Indeed, the ancient authors constantly allude to the practice of propounding Riddles at the feasts, and dilate on the honours and rewards bestowed on the successful solver of them; and our greatest writers have added to their reputation by the witty and elegant enigmas and charades which they have given to the world. Few but Dr. Johnson have despised this amusing play of words; and he, it is well known, declared his conviction that "the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket." We are all apt to despise that which is not within our reach; and thus, perhaps, the great Bear of literature discovered the sourness of the grapes which were beyond his grasp. However that may be, Riddle-making has gone on, and prospered; and the general term now includes so many varieties, that I can only briefly enumerate the chief divisions.

I believe the principal varieties are—Enigmas, Charades, Conundrums, Rebuses, Puzzles, and Anagrams.

ENIGMAS describe, in terms more or less obscure, one certain object, which is to be guessed from the consideration of some point of unity in all the apparently contradictory assertions. Thus, in the celebrated *enigma*, now known to have been written by Miss Fanshaw, it will be found that the letter *H*, which forms the solution, occurs in every leading word:—

“ ’Twas whispered in *Heaven*, ’twas muttered in *Hell*,  
And *Echo* caught faintly the sound as it fell;  
On the confines of *Earth* ’twas permitted to rest,  
And the *Depths* of the ocean its presence confessed,” &c.

CHARADE is a word for which we are indebted to the French; it is a sort of riddle, consisting of two or three perfect parts, making, when combined, a perfect whole. These parts are to

be described separately in an enigmatical manner, and then the whole is to be described in the same way, and the word to be afterwards guessed. It is said to derive its name from the inventor of this particular branch of the art; and perhaps it is worthy of remark, that, whilst we, the adopters, confine the Charade to words of two syllables only, the French allow it to contain three, or even more, always provided that each one forms a perfect word in itself. My readers will see that I have, in one or two instances, availed myself of the latitude allowed by the originators of the Charade.

An extremely pretty amusement is that termed ACTING CHARADES. Here, too, authors disagree. Some maintain that speaking is wholly inadmissible; others permit the Charade to be entirely conversational. In the latter class ranks one of our most gifted authoresses \*, now

\* Miss Ellen Pickering.

unhappily no more; but whose works, fortunately for us, are not, like their author, mortal.

Her "Acting Charades" are, as is well known, entirely conversational.

Of course, to convey a meaning in pantomime requires no slight amount of talent, especially in the absence of all stage decorations and adjuncts; but, as I think it decidedly preferable, if at all practicable, I have given specimens of this sort of Charade at the conclusion of the book. It is usual to announce the scene that *ought to be* represented at the beginning of each Act, by means of a written placard.

It seems to me that it would be an improvement in Acting Charades, as an intellectual exercise, were a scene to be selected for representation from the works of a poet (if the name of one chance to be the subject of a Charade), rather than any mere attempt at the word itself. For this reason, I have given a well-known

"*scene*" from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," in preference to any mere play on the continuation of words.

Those who have the spirit to try this will find they infuse a life and intelligence into the game, which the ordinary method does not possess.

A CONUNDRUM is another species of Riddle, which institutes a comparison between two objects, and marks some point of resemblance or difference, the difference being frequently a mere double meaning to the same word. Thus, in the question, "Why is an author in trouble like a sheep?" "Because he takes refuge in the pen," the play consists in the double sense in which the word *pen* is used.

A REBUS is a word represented by a picture, or a series of pictures. Plays upon letters and certain combinations of them are included also

in this class. The favourite kind of Rebus, however, at present, is to describe enigmatically a series of objects, which, when properly chosen, will form words of which the initials, or finals, or both, give some particular word or sentence, which must also be enigmatically given in the first place. This is, of course, a matter of some difficulty, from the circumstance, that so few English words terminate in vowels. The first Rebus I have given, however, may be taken as a specimen of this particular style, as the series of words whose initials form VICTORIA REGINA are so selected that the finals make the very appropriate additional clause, OUR ROYAL MOTHER. Of course, sentences so chosen must not merely correspond, but also contain precisely the same number of letters.

PROVERBS FOR ACTING may also be considered as a branch of Riddle-making. They are, in fact, impromptu plays of a very simple con-

struction, illustrative of some proverb, which is to be guessed at the termination of the performance.

PUZZLES are a species of practical and mechanical Riddles, generally involving the use of other implements besides that universally necessary stock in trade—brains. Pen and ink, a slate, or scissors, may be required to solve these; and they are capable of being understood by the youngest as well as of amusing the elder children.

ANAGRAMS form another species of Puzzle, and consist of the transposition of certain letters from one form into another; which should, if possible, in some degree form a pertinent or characteristic reference to the other. If, for instance, the name of a person form the subject of the Anagram, the word or words into which it is transposed should relate to his habits,

history, or peculiarities. We see a very good illustration of this sort of Riddle in the words

CHARLES JAMES STUART,

the letters of which form, under a different arrangement, the sentence,

CLAIMS ARTHUR'S SEAT:

an apt and excellent allusion to the aims of the Pretender.

On comparing the words, however, it will be seen that accuracy has been, in some degree, sacrificed to the tempting opportunity of making so pertinent an Anagram, for in the words "Charles James Stuart" there are two *ees*, whereas the corresponding phrase has but one: the *j* is altered into *i*, to form the second sentence. Anagram-makers, however, are, of all people, the least scrupulous in their orthography: a fact which it is very necessary to bear in mind when attempting to solve these riddles, as *v* and *u*



are used constantly as if they were one and the same; and it is by no means unusual for *i* to turn into *y*, or even for a word which ought to have only *y* in it, to be spelt with *i* for the sake of the Anagram, in defiance of all orthographical rules. Such licences, however, ought to be avoided if possible.

Thus, I believe I have described all the different kinds of Riddles common in the present day, and I have only to express my earnest hope that the dear children, for whose amusement the following pages have been penned, may find that the intentions of the Author are too effectually carried out to be

A RIDDLE.

# THE BOOK OF RIDDLES.

---

## CHARADES.

---

1.

My *first* is a masculine name,  
My *second*'s the colour of war,  
My *third* is ambitious of fame,  
And hope shineth therein, as a star.  
(To guide us o'er life's troubled sea,  
To cheer an existence like this,  
May it ne'er set, for thee, or for me,  
But guide us to regions of bliss!)

Thus formèd, a gentle, winged creature, I ween,  
May, warbling midst gardens and orchards be  
seen:  
And oft, when chill frost binds the bosom of earth,  
He claims our protection, and flies to our hearth.

## 2.

What grows on the mountain,—what springs by  
the fountain,—

What shelters the moor-bird, and blooms o'er  
the lea,—

What is nearly a feather, and almost the wea-  
ther,

Is the *first* in the bouquet I give unto thee!

My *second*, no notion it hath of devotion,

But 'tis highest in Church! and,—O versatile  
power!—

While it tells of carousal, and happy espousal,

Of weeping and sorrow, in life's darkest hour,

With my *first*, on the hill-side it formeth a  
flower.

## 3.

My *first* charged in the wars of the old feudal  
time,

But lived then, as now, in life's happiest shrine;

The *first* of my first in heaven doth dwell,  
Yet is heard in this house, and is ever in hell;  
And its *second*'s a sound both of pleasure and  
pain,

While a type of the earth it must ever remain:  
It is set in the crown, it is wrapt in repose,  
It is seen in a frown, and appears in a rose;  
It explodes in a cannon, but not in a gun;  
In a frolic 'tis ever, but never in fun.

My *second*'s the person by all held most dear,  
From the king to the beggar—from peasant to  
peer;

My first, with my second united, will form,  
From childhood to age, heaven's shelter from  
storm.

See, the wild bird flies to it, though wearied its  
wing,—

And the bee to its bowers her treasure doth  
bring;—

There the lamb hath her fold, and the lion his  
lair,

To its quiet the gentle and savage repair;  
There Infancy's cradled, and Age, from its care,  
Is solaced and soothed into happiness there.

'Tis brightest when farthest! a sphere of the past,  
Illum'd by a light that for ever shall last!  
Oh, 'tis Memory's temple! Whate'er be the ill,  
Man's soul finds a joy in its sanctuary still!  
As the sun of existence sinks down in the west,  
Its remembrance arises—a star in the east!

## 4.

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,—  
Sooth, 'twas an awful day!  
And though, in that old age of sport,  
The warriors of the camp and court  
Had little time to pray,  
'Twas said Sir Hilary muttered there,  
Two syllables, by way of prayer.

My *first* to all the brave and proud,  
Who see to-morrow's sun,—  
My *next* with his cold and sable cloud,  
To those who find their dewy shroud  
Before the day is done,—  
My *whole* to her whose bright blue eyes,  
Weep when a warrior nobly dies.

## 5.

My *first* a magic mirror is,—

In which, when we the future view,  
We deem our prospects full of bliss,  
And we secure for ever, too.

My *second's* a comparative,

(And, what's the strangest and the worst,)   
Whene'er 'tis added to the noun,  
Completely negatives the first.

And thus, while with my first you'll find  
Success and happiness combined,  
My *whole* has caused more mischiefs dire  
Than War or Famine, Plague or Fire.

## 6.

Three-fourths of a well, and a fish of large size,  
The first of French thunder, and end of  
*Haut ton*,  
Will give you his name whom we Britons all  
prize,  
Who is hallowed by Fame as Bellona's first  
son.

## 7.

My *first* is Latin for a book,  
Which boys, at least, must know quite well;  
My *second's* two thirds of, to knot,  
And this you'll also quickly tell.  
My *whole's* the proudest boast of those  
Who dwell within this favoured land;  
'Tis England's boon to every slave  
Whose foot has pressed our sea-girt strand.

## 8.

My *first* is a disjunctive conjunction; my *second* is another word for people; my *whole* is a maritime county, and gives his title to the premier Duke of England.

## 9.

My *first* is a tree; my *second* is named  
"God's shadow on Earth," by Brahminical  
seers,—  
In gastronomy ever my *whole* has been famed,  
And for dining and dozing but few are its  
peers.

## 10.

Where'er my *first* may meet your eyes,  
A lovely colour it will be,—  
My *second's* formed of earth, stones, sand,—  
Almost all things except the sea.  
My *whole's* a country dark and wild,  
The people honest, poor, and free,  
Who from *reflection* gain much light,  
Yet seldom trees or flowers see.  
The strangest thing about this land,  
Where snows are deep, and stars are bright,  
Is—in a year as long as ours,  
They only have one day—one night!

## 11.

My *first* is a part of a ship; also a mode by which boys often exercise their fists, and girls their tongues; with both boys and girls, the free use of my *first*, almost always leads to my *second*. My *whole* is a bird found in every part of England, and particularly common and familiar in London.



## 12.

My *first's* the half of that which sentries have,  
And without which you cannot cross their  
lines—

At least in war,—and then 'tis often found,  
The enemy evade by digging mines.

A noble Tragedy my *second* is,  
Written by him who's termed the Author's  
Friend;

A senator and judge, whose proudest boast  
Is, that he did the Copyright amend.

My *whole*, alas! a fearful tyrant is,  
Whose slaves are found of every age and  
land;

By whose fell power tumults and wars arise,  
And brothers perish by a brother's hand.

## 13.

My *first* is that which you will hear  
Whenever you approach a hive,  
And, to escape my noisy *second*,  
Into the sea I'd gladly dive.

My *whole* is rarely to be found  
With youth and beauty, sense and spirit,  
Yet 'tis, they say, the character  
Which English parties often merit.

## 14.

My *first* is a part of the title of Princes  
In Russia and Austria, History convinces;  
In England we use it to designate Age,  
And my *second* is traced by God's hand on the  
page,  
Which, opened by Faith, and by Mercy impressed,  
Gives assurance of peace in the land of the  
blest.  
It is first in our prayers; 'tis a word that's most  
dear  
To all ages and ranks,—to the peasant and peer.  
My *third's* a pipp'd letter, denoting possession,  
And the first one to stop, although bound to  
progression.  
My *fourth* is a point of all civic ambition,  
Though common to all, of every condition;

Has four legs, like a horse, but it never shews  
    paces;  
It has sometimes got arms, yet it never embraces.  
Round my *whole* little children will eagerly  
    press,  
To kneel for a blessing or beg a caress,  
And many a lesson of wisdom and truth  
Has thence been impressed on a dutiful youth.

## 15.

At the close of a beautiful summer's day,  
    Two lovers together wended,  
By the side of a lake, and the soft mild ray  
    Of my *first* on the scene descended.  
The lady was fair, and the swain was bold,  
    And with confidence he reckoned  
That she would say "yes," when his love he  
    told,  
    Oh! did he not cut my *second*?  
But alas for his hopes! they were all in vain;  
    He received a flat denial,

“My *whole!*” said the lady,—and laughed at  
his pain,  
Poor fellow! in vain was his trial.

## 16.

See yonder bridge, whose wide embrace  
Extends across the river’s face:

My *first* is surely there!

Two letters will my *second* make;—

My *third*’s a room that tradesmen take  
For showing off their ware!

I stood within the Abbey walls,

And heard the people’s ardent calls

Of praise and acclamation;

When, answering to my *whole*, our Queen

Promised in peace and truth to reign

Over a loyal nation!

## 17.

When Barons bold my *second* chased  
In forests deep the live-long day,  
My *third* full oft their table graced  
At nuptial feast or Christmas play;  
But in these "piping times of peace,"  
When swords are into ploughshares turned,  
The lady's work-box gives a place  
To that which from her table's spurned.  
My *fourth* is grown in distant lands,  
In India, Egypt, or Mobile;  
And, though 'twas never known to dance,  
My *first* oft put it on a reel!  
My *whole* is prized by every dame,  
Point Lace-r, Knitter, Crocheteer,  
'Tis sold (you'll surely guess its name,)  
In Berlin shops both far and near.

## 18.

My *first* is a little insect of three different colours; it has the character of being very indus-

trious, but the white ones are so mischievous in some hot countries, that it is said of them, that they destroy whole houses, and even villages; indeed,

“ A river and a sea  
Are to them a dish of tea,  
And a kingdom, bread and butter.”

My *second* is what ladies do when they run away; and my *whole* is a swift and graceful animal, with beautiful eyes, found in hot countries.

## 19.

My *first* is that which we all have need to do; my *second* is a personal pronoun; and my *whole* is that which all are likely to become, if they say my *third* too often.

## 20.

My *first's* a dignitary high;  
In the growth of hops my *second*;  
My *third* at once you will descry,—  
In fishing gear 'tis reckoned;  
My *whole* in history is named,  
For piety and learning famed.

## 21.

Reverse my *first*, you'll find it set  
In crown, and crest, and coronet;  
My *second's* half a fabled creature,  
Formed like a fish, with human feature;  
My *third* is two-fifths of a river,  
And yet is found in Cupid's quiver;  
My *fourth*, in morals taught to youth,  
Is termed the opposite of truth;  
And mark, my *whole*, as here set forth,  
Belongs to the Wizard of the North.

## 22.

My *first* is a member used most in a fight;  
My *second's* a part of a General, known  
In the first wars with Erin, e'er England's brave  
knight  
Won that gem of the West, to embellish her  
throne;  
Whilst my *whole* is the name of as gallant a  
band  
As e'er caused raid or riot in Scotia's land.

## 23.

To three-fourths of to melt join that flower of  
the vale  
Which the Easterns have wed to the sweet  
nightingale,  
And the whisper of melody shortly will give  
The name of a place where the monks used to  
live,



And of which Scott has said, that, to see it  
aright,

“ We should go when the moon shines, and not  
in (sun-) light ;”

But, lest you still miss it, the task shall be mine

To guide you still nearer Antiquity’s shrine ;

The pass-word I give to those ruins sublime,

Now crumbling to dust ’neath the footfall of  
time,

(Mute emblems, that all, *all* which men can  
most cherish,

Are as wreaths of the mist, and are formed but  
to perish !)

The first of *abstract*, and a title of might,

Will give you the clue, and will guide you  
aright.

## ENIGMAS.

24.

On three legs I stand,  
And, when taken in hand,  
My nose often points to the light:  
Inside I'm as black  
As any coal-sack,  
But my outside is polished and bright.

25.

Take a cross letter, and two-thirds of the sea,  
Unite them together; the product will be  
What some people say gives to scandal a zest,  
And oft is found worst where they say it is best.  
A traitor's its doom—for 'tis quartered away,  
And for such execution too dearly we pay;  
Yet 'tis treated still worse, for, by Royal desire,  
In the palace 'tis "drawn" through hot water  
and fire.

## 26.

It moves backwards and forwards, and upwards  
and downwards,  
Earthwards and heavenwards, towards and on-  
wards;  
'Tis of silver or gold, or a metal much baser;  
It regulates time, and keeps thieves in their  
place, sir;  
It has wards, though no guardian, save of your  
pelf,  
And it takes care of all things excepting itself.

## 27.

A portion of craft, and two-thirds of a row,  
Give the name of a bird which you very well  
know.

## 28.

In heaven 'twas born, on earth it is bred,  
And it warms the heart, while it weakens the  
head;  
'Tis the theme of the poet, the warrior's pride;  
And it chastens the wreath on the brow of the  
bride;  
It smiles o'er our birth, and, deploring our  
doom,  
It weaves the Immortelle to place on our tomb.  
To the throne it gives lustre, the cottage content,  
And Philosophy fools to the top of its bent.  
So precious it is, that the wealth of a king  
Would gladly be lavished its treasures to bring;  
Yet it never was bought; 'tis as common as air,  
For the meanest and weakest its blessings may  
share;  
And those who most freely bestow this rich  
gem  
Ask nought in return but to have it again.  
A word to behold, and a part of a bird,  
Will name you my treasure, however absurd.

## 29.

A Lily slept beneath a thorn,  
That waved above with friendly shade,  
And near her couched a fairy form,  
The Spirit of the forest glade.  
Aema knew the flower concealed  
A charm within her snowy breast,  
Which unto fairy life revealed  
All joys—the brightest and the best;  
And with first ray of evening star  
She earthwards sped from spheres above,  
To gather for her home afar  
This gem of peace and fairy love.  
And there she watched through silent night,  
Till Lily to the azure light  
Her petals ope'd, to drink the ray  
Shed by th' ethereal lids of day!  
The glittering atom sparkled there,  
Which Lily vowed "she would not give  
her:—  
Could she e'en find a brighter gem  
She'd keep it for her own dear Zephyr.

Still, to soothe her friend's dejection,  
She certainly had no objection  
To give to her the charm would win  
Such crystal drops from heaven's spring,  
Drops which every light caresses,—  
Fallen gems from Seraphs' tresses!"

Then moved her leaves in Delphic fashion,  
Murmuring in a Pythian passion:  
"A numerical letter—a fifth of a heart,  
Just throbbing in truth its love-secret to tell,  
The heads of two virtues, joined never to part,  
Will give thee the gem, and will weave thee  
the spell."

## 30.

Complete, my name's Legion!—beheaded, you  
see,  
Fair lady, what you would undoubtedly be  
After dancing all night at a ball;  
Curtail me at last, and before your sad eyes  
A scene of disaster and bloodshed will rise,  
That well may the peaceful appal!

31.

A regiment existing in every country, seldom containing fifty men, and often not more than half that number; yet constantly on active service, and forming the foundation of the greatest force in the kingdom.

32.

What animal is it that goes on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on three at night?

33.

What is that which was to-morrow, and will be yesterday?

NAMES OF TOWNS AND CITIES, ENIG-  
MATICALLY EXPRESSED.

34. A part of the human body—and four fifths  
of a town in Dorsetshire.

35. A part of a ship.

36. To arouse—and an inclosed piece of land.

37. A small nail—and a shallow part of a  
river.

38. A seaman's box—and two-thirds of a per-  
sonal pronoun.

39. That which is not old—and a place for  
public sale.

40. What covers a horse—and a preposition.

41. A bird—and a large collection of water.

42. A Puritan poet.

43. A servant—and a mineral.

44. Three-fourths of that which sunshine does  
to snow—and a flower.

45. Not old—and a baronial residence.

46. To divide—and a body of water.



47. An Irish carriage—and a foreign town celebrated for thread.

48. Part of the regal motto—and a weight.

49. A celebrated arithmetician—and a part of the face.

50. The emblem of purity—and a place of anchorage.

51. A degrading action—and a valley.

52. A bird—and a letter, (a seaport).

53. To spoil—and an entrance to a field.

54. The evidence of a wound—and a place which sends Members to Parliament.

#### NAMES OF FRUITS, ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

55. A Scripture female character—and two-thirds of India.

56. Half of a delicious fish—and a name common to many fruits.

57. Five-sixths of the name of a celebrated, and finally ennobled actress.

58. An interjectional letter—and a place for fire.

59. Half of a beggar's bag—and a favourite fruit.
60. Two-thirds of the whole—and four-fifths of the French world.
61. Four-fifths of a month—and a humble abode.
62. A beverage to which a celebrated cook has given his name—a preposition—and a vowel.
63. Two-thirds of an odious animal—and three-ninths of a good principle.
64. A little implement, which is useless if blunt—and a vowel.
65. To peel, (transposed.)
66. Five-sevenths of a north-western county—and a fruit with a hard shell.
67. Four-fifths of to seize—and a plural termination.
68. Three-fourths of a married lady—and a near relative.
69. Three-fourths of a carpenter's tool—and four-sixths of the name of the first King of England.

70. A wandering hawker, with another consonant substituted for the first.
71. A humorous character in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

**NAMES OF ANIMALS, ENIGMATICALLY  
EXPRESSED.**

72. What a story-teller continually does.
73. An African river, but with another capital letter.
74. A Hindoo gentleman—and the beginning of a negative.
75. A devotee—and two-thirds of a fastening.
76. A participle signifying the reverse of went—and a consonant.
77. The name of several popes—and four-sixths of forgiveness.
78. To endure.

# NAMES OF FLOWERS, ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

79. The dearest wish of parted friends.
80. A woman's name—and the test of honesty.
81. The Italian for a beautiful woman.
82. Three-quarters of a noisy bird—and half of custom.
83. The whitest production of nature—and a particle of rain.
84. One of the patriarchs—and the ascending subject of his dream.
85. A winged creature—and the organ of vision.
86. The chief element of the staff of life—and an ensign.
87. A clasp—and a fabulous animal.
88. The names of those who were considered wise in Greece.
89. A female dancer in a pantomime.
90. The short term for precise—and the emblem of England.

91. The name of a Roman girl who was killed  
by her father—and a part of a gun.
92. A gentlewoman—and a part of her dress.
93. The result of tranquillity and goodness.
94. A celestial colour—and a noisy summoner.
95. An animal that runs swiftly—and a beauty  
(curtailed).
96. A sea animal that carries its house on its  
back.
97. To pretend—and one of the emblems of  
strength.
98. A very vain youth.
99. A Frenchman's darling.
100. A Cape flower naturalised in England.
101. A place of abode—and a kind of onion.
102. A cunning animal—and a covering for the  
hand.
103. An unmarried man—and a small part of  
his dress which he wants a wife to sew  
on.
104. A useful domestic implement in cleaning.
105. An Irish carriage—and a people.
106. A partition—and what each of these is.

107. Three-quarters of the greatest ornament of  
a park—and to defeat.
108. A delicious spice—and a consonant.
109. A diadem—and the title of the British  
Parliament.
110. A kind of preserve—and a bunch of fea-  
thers on a bird's head.
111. An ascetic—and the covering of his head.
112. To fasten—and a useless plant.
113. A sort of berry—and the guardian of a rose.
114. A month.
115. The reverse of sour—and a man's name.
116. A very sweet substance—and to feed with  
milk.
117. Very useful animals—and a part of the face.
118. A luscious substance—and a vessel for  
drinking out of.

NAMES OF BIRDS, ENIGMATICALLY  
EXPRESSED.

119. Three-fourths of to change or go back—and  
a useful implement for security.
120. Three-fifths of a great capital—and what  
fruit does if kept too long.
121. A river in England.
122. Three-fourths of to tumble—and three-  
eighths of to consider.
123. Two-thirds of to be in debt—and a liquid  
letter.
124. Five-sevenths of a maritime town in Italy.
125. What we cannot do when suffering from  
sore throat.
126. An implement for writing—and four-sixths  
of a coin now no longer current.
127. A detestable habit—and what the solutions  
of all these are.
128. A famous architect.
129. A dog's way of showing pleasure—and that  
which enables him to do it.

130. An animal that is used for public fights in Spain—and five-eighths of a village near London.
131. To tremble.
132. To divide—and a part of a ploughed field
133. A noisy bird—an article—and another word for also.
134. A military officer.
135. Three-fourths of a bright light—a preposition, signifying, not out—and the English of *allez*.
136. The noise of bees—and the general name for winged and feathered creatures.
137. A place where many trees grow—and the trumpeter of the morning.



## CONUNDRUMS.



138.

If all the letters of the Alphabet were asked  
out to dinner, why could they not all go to-  
gether?

139.

Walking along the Strand one day,  
I heard an urchin cry,  
"Here are the last four oranges:  
A penny may them buy."

The coin I soon gave to the boy,  
So earnest was his suit,  
And went to see some little friends,  
Who thanked me for the fruit.

I told them what I paid the boy ;  
One quickly made reply:  
" You're very like a telescope  
Now guess the reason why."

140.

Why is a bad ship like a Welshman's hat on  
St. David's day?

141.

What is the difference between an engine-  
driver and a schoolmaster?

142.

Why should every newspaper be called the  
Standard of Freedom?

143.

What class of women ought to be the strong-  
est?

144.

Why is an author in trouble like a sheep?

145.

What Christian duty may many advertisers be said to perform to the public?

146.

Why may Hyde Park be said to resemble the Deluge?

147.

What word expresses the difference between a dresser of cloth and a dresser of hair?

148.

Why is the county of Buckingham like a drover's stick?

149.

When is a stock-broker like a man who sells agricultural implements?

150.

Why is summer like the letter N?

151.

Why is a tyrannical husband like a chess-player?

152.

What dress should a lady have, to keep all the rest of her wardrobe clean?

153.

Where do Church and State approximate but never clash?

154.

Why is St. Paul's like the book of Jedediah?

155.

Why is Lombard-street like the Grand Canal?

156.

What town in Somersetshire would be a good name for London during the great Exhibition?

157.

Why is the letter A the best acoustic instrument a deaf woman can use?

158.

Why may it be said that the best embroidery is not done in this world?

159.

Why may a dealer in black slaves be said to be an habitual swindler?

160.

What plant will name the feeling of an ambitious person?

## REBUSES.

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161.

A TOWN in Spain; a promise to pay; a bird of prey; twice what a sailor is, or once what a woman ought not to be; a river in America; what England would not flourish without; an atom; the Angel of Death; what the Queen governs; the Latin for a favourite pronoun; not little; the name of a much-abused people (the word, curtailed, names a flower and a goddess); a kind of conversation in which the same people excel; an element of our existence. The *initials* give the name and style of the greatest Lady in the world, and the *finals* her most glorious title.

162.

A group of islands in the Pacific; the surname of a lady celebrated by Dante and Byron; an

English river and an Egyptian goddess; a constant cause of pleasure or pain, which all talk of, but very few have seen; a celebrated marble; a great public school; a taste the reverse of sweet; one of the emblems of England; the tallest grass that grows; a retrograde motion in water; a traitor; what we value. The *initials* give the name and title of one we all revere, and the *finals* form a slight sketch of his character.

## 163.

A royal title; God's best gift to man; that which absorbs our attention; the force which is England's bulwark; a feminine name and the heroine of a celebrated novel; the place where the best toffee is made; the reverse of young; a masculine name once borne by a king of France; a tyrant's argument; a naval emblem; the Italian for Louis; a royal masculine name; that which all men ought to be. The *initials* form a title, the *finals* express the popular feeling for its bearer.

164.

A wealthy king of ancient times; fabulous; a Norman chieftain; an honourable murderer; a sprite; the hero of a popular opera; the Italian for farewell; a promoter of knowledge and ignorance. The *initials* give a Welch county, and the *finals* a noisome reptile.

165.

Take a great metropolis; a woman's name; a modern Shylock; a foreign town where we obtain a very *spruce* liquid; the Latin for a space of time; a negative; a French participle signifying *united*; a concord of sweet sounds. The *initials* give the name of a drug, and the *finals* its effects.

166.

An explosive ball; a celebrated French statesman; an Egyptian god; an adjective implying the reverse of pretty; an insect in an inanimate state; an exclamation; another word for ridicu-



lous; and a very mischievous animal. The *initials* give the name of a celebrated lawyer, and the *finals* show a very detestable character.

## 167.

I am a word of four letters. My 1, 3, 4 is a sharp instrument, seldom valued unless it is beyond our reach; my 2, 4 is an article; my 3 4 is a preposition; my 4, 2, 1 is the luxury of idlers; my 4, 3, 1 is to pinch; my whole is considered a misfortune throughout England, but it is the first necessary of life to a Frenchman.

## 168.

I am a word of five letters, both French and English. My 3, 1, 5 is what all should desire to be of; my 2, 4, 5 is a single individual, who, though neither king nor queen, generally takes precedence of both; my 1, 2, 4 is an useful article to carry things in; my 2, 3 is an article; my 1, 2 a pronoun; my 4, 5 another; all the

last four are French; my whole is a thing much relished when neuter, and at the dinner table: but seldom liked if feminine, or at any other time.

## 169.

Dangerous; one of Dickens's last and most odious characters; the Italian for lady; a sweet condiment; an island in the Pacific; and what physic usually is. The *initials* form the name of a certain public character, and the *finals* the cause of his rise and fall.

## 170.

Gentle; one who translates; a gentlewoman; an acid eastern fruit; a very common fruit; an inmate of a convent. The *initials* form the name of one poet, and the *finals* of another.

## 171.

The French for, without; a celebrated singing master; a small Indian coin; what a vicious

horse often does; the name of our common mother; coverings for the feet; an article by which we obtain water; the dominions of an emperor; the first letter of the Greek Alphabet; the voice of a wild beast; a part of the face. The *initials* and *finals* of all these words are the same, and they spell the name of our greatest poet.

## 172.

I am a word of ten letters. My 6, 7, 8, 2 is the extremity of the earth; my 8, 7, 10, 3 is that which cannot be found; my 8, 9, 10, 3 keeps out draughts; my 4, 5, 6, 2 is much used in ships; my 1, 2 is a personal pronoun; my 6, 7, 4, 3 is a welcome sight after a voyage; my 6, 5, 7, 8 is a place I should be sorry to enter; my 1, 5, 8, 2 is a little animal; my 4, 5, 10, 2 is a beautiful flower; my 1, 5, 10, 3 is that which greedy children try to get; my 10, 1, 2, 8, 3 is a delicious fish; my 2, 8, 1 is a noble tree; my 1, 2, 8, 3 is what salt and sugar do; my 8, 2, 3 is a sign of the imperative; my 5, 9, 8 is

what we burn and Greenlanders eat; my 1, 9, 10, 3 is more disagreeable than heavy rain; my 3, 7, 9, 8 is labour; my whole is that which most countries contain.

## 173.

I am a word of seven letters. My 6, 7, 2, 3 is the reverse of gone; my 5, 6, 3 is that which is disliked in its natural state, and very acceptable only when artificial; my 3, 4, 5, 6 is a Swedish name; my 4, 5, 6, 3 is a useful grain; my 5, 4, 3 is passion; my 7, 6, 3 is a solitary individual; my 7, 4, 2 is a member of the body; my 3, 4, 7 is an epoch; my 2, 5, 6, 3 are troublesome animals; my 2, 3 myself; my 2, 5, 6, 1 an ore; my whole a quarter of the globe.

## 174.

I am a word of four letters signifying competent; put at my head a lady's head-dress, and you will find my meaning unchanged; take it

away again, and head me with a long letter, and I am an allegory; with another letter, and I am part of an old house; with another, and I am a very important part of a ship; with another, and I am a valuable sort of fur; with another, and I become a thing which we like to see our friends surround; with both these, and I am an abode for horses.

## 175.

The same four letters transposed make a man's name; headed with another, a confusion of tongues; with another, an inscription; with another, a woman's name.

## 176.

I am a word of eleven letters. My 6, 8, 4 is a domestic animal; my 4, 5, 8, 6, 7 is to instruct; my 5, 7, 8, 9 is a disagreeable state of the skin; my 2, 3, 4 is a term in backgammon; my 6, 7, 5, 8, 4 is to deceive; my 1, 7, 3, 4, 10 is

the emblem of purity; my 2, 8, 4, 5 is a very wicked feeling; my 4, 3, 9 is an extremity; my 8, 9, 5 is a parody on humanity; my 7, 5, 8, 4 is the effect of the sun; my 2, 8, 4 is a covering; my 7, 5, 11, 9 is what all should do to their fellow-creatures; my 9, 5, 4 is a darling; my 7, 3, 9 is a part of the body; my whole is a district of London.

177.

A feminine name composed of seven letters.  
—My 7, 6, 4, 5 are the colour of a horse; my 1, 3, 2 a fish; my 5, 6, 7 a conjunction; my 4, 5 an article; my 4, 2, 3 a beverage; my 5, 1, 4, 7 not far; my 2, 3, 4, 5 the appearance of a starved cat; my whole is a name that was borne by a very wicked queen.

178.

Three-fourths of a thing for which Cheshire is  
famed,  
Which is dug out of mines, and found in the sea,

F

Makes my *first*; and my *second* you quickly will  
find,

Though it was not, is now, in the verb *être*,  
to be.

My *third* is another word for, to inter;

And my *whole* is renowned for its beautiful  
spire.

'Tis a city well known for its neighbouring plain,  
And you'll seek 'mongst the south-western  
counties the shire.

179.

Reverse my *first*, and you will find

A thing some people dearly prize;

It is not anything we see,

But to gain it you need not be

Or great, or good, or wise.

Now place it in its proper way,

And say there is a stain or spot,

Or in your copybook a blot:

This imp is such a wilful wight,

It always contradicts with spite,

And tells you it is NOT.

Double the final of my *first*,  
And add the end, unchanging,  
Of present participles, too,  
And thus my *second* gives to view  
Four-fifths of everything.  
My *third* is a delicious dish,  
Although the Mussulmans and Jews,  
Whatever they may feel or wish,  
To eat it will refuse.  
A town and country you will see  
My *whole* will quickly form,  
And, more to bring it to your mind,  
Rich laces in it you will find,  
And gloves and stockings warm.

180.

My *first's* the third of twenty-six,  
My *second* is the first,  
My whole the twentieth I shall fix,  
And the first element of thirst.  
My whole hath eyes as well as claws,  
All consonant to Nature's laws.



181.

Five letters only form the word,—  
An English county's name,—  
Take away three, and you will see  
The sound is just the same.  
My *second*, placed before my *first*,  
The great distinction shows,  
That has existed on the earth,  
Since Eve was Adam's spouse.  
And now, I think, you'll quickly find  
The county that I have in mind.

182.

My *first* is fourth upon a file  
That gives to Language all its style;  
My *second*'s shaped like zones of gold,  
Worn by the fairy dames of old;  
My *third* in Greatness bears first part,  
While a staunch friend, with honest heart,  
Who in the palace hath a place,  
And e'en with Monarchs leads the chase,

Sits, sage-like, by the cottage hearth,  
Or frolics in the children's mirth,  
And hath a *waggish* way of showing  
His love for all he deems worth knowing;—  
This friend, I say, without deceit,  
My second, third, and first create.

183.

My *third* is present in the world,  
Alike in weal and woe;  
And though 'tis never seen in ice,  
It melts away in snow.  
Though never found in any ship,  
I've seen it in the bow;  
It forms no part of hemp or flax,  
But a full third of tow.  
In the tall oak that hid King Charles,  
My *second* may be got,  
And in their swords who sought him too  
Although they saw it not.  
When great Columbus sailed away  
Across the Western Main,

My *first* and *second* both were there,  
Though neither's found in Spain!  
Pray tell me, then, what is my whole,  
For you must know full well:  
The creature gives us cream and cheese,  
And more than I can tell.

184.

My *first* is a cardinal point;  
Five-sixths of a river my *second*;  
My *third*'s the reverse of the sea,  
And a third of the world it is reckoned;  
My *whole* is a part of our island,  
Which once had a king of its own,  
Though now 'tis a *county*, since Egbert  
First made it his sovereignty own.

185.

A town in the midland counties, celebrated  
for the number of its churches; a river in York-  
shire; the largest collection of water; a town

on the Thames, near London; a country, the seat of Romish power; the celebrated river of Egypt; a large manufacturing town of Scotland; the key of the Mediterranean; the ancient name of Portugal; a seaport of Egypt; the principal rivers of France and Ireland. The *initials* give the name of that which, though not itself very grave, cannot be approached by the most thoughtless without its causing reflection.

186.

Add a portion of doubt to the sound of a glass,  
 And 'twill give you the name of a warrior brave,  
 Who was led by the Bruce, and who bled in his  
     cause;  
 Who at home found renown, and abroad found  
     a grave.

187.

Take away three-tenths of a town in Devon-  
 shire, and you will leave a small town in Mid-  
 dlesex.

188.

What seaport town must you add an article -  
to, to make it a town in Hampshire?

189.

To gain, and a north-western county, will  
make a city in the south of England.

190.

A delicious fruit, and a town in Suffolk, give  
the name of a village near Huddersfield.

191.

A town in Herefordshire; a parish in Oxford-  
shire; a part of South America; an animal that  
burrows by rivers; a flower. The *initials* give the  
name of a town in Yorkshire, and the *finals*  
show what it is famed for.

192.

A city in the Danube; an Italian river; a great metropolis; a city in Bavaria; a city in Portugal; the ancient capital of the world; a forest celebrated by Shakspeare; a French city famed for silks. The *initials* form the name of a favourite residence of her Majesty.

193.

A town in Switzerland; a country inhabited by the descendants of Ishmael; a country partly in Europe partly in Asia; an island in the Mediterranean, celebrated for oranges; a sea-port in Belgium; a Russian chain of mountains; a celebrated city of ancient times; a small country of Europe. The *initials* give an English town celebrated for herrings.

## FRENCH REBUSES.

194.

THE greatest virtue; another nearly allied to it; a friend; a parent; another; that which the deaf and dumb are; an auxiliary verb; an adjective signifying the reverse of pretty; a part of the face; a seat; a tinsel imitation of sterling fame; one who is not a friend; a wooden shoe. The *initials* give the name of the favourite promenade of the Parisians.

195.

One of the West Indian islands; a city of Belgium; a city celebrated for a Diet held there; a city in Spain, once celebrated for its university; the great river of Asia; a great peninsula of Europe; the capital of the British empire; a celebrated lake and town in Switzerland; a

quarter of the world; an island which forms part of the United Kingdom; a town in Spain, famous for oranges; an island in the Mediterranean. The *initials* give the name of a celebrated French song.



## PUZZLES.



196.

WHAT must you add to nine to make it six?

197.

A gentleman desired his gardener to plant nine apple trees, so that there might be ten rows, each containing three trees in a direct line. In what form were they planted?

198.

How would you write a note of invitation to a friend, naming the hour, without using more than three letters and two figures?

199.

What is the numerical difference between three and two, and two and three?

200.

A shepherd possessing a hundred sheep, had a fold for them made of fifty hurdles. He bought a hundred more sheep, and required the fold to be double the size. What was the smallest number of hurdles that would make it of the dimensions he needed?

201.

What must you subtract from fifty-nine to leave sixty?

202.

What word in the French language contains every vowel and but one consonant?

G

203.

What two letters express that which all should try to do, but which not many in these ages attain, although it is not much beyond middle age?

204.

Take twelve, divide it in half, and make the two halves fourteen.

205.

If a person suffering from hydrophobia were asked to describe the symptoms of his disorder, what summer dainties would he name?

206.

What is that which grows the longer the more it is cut?

207.

If I were trying to persuade you to make a good dinner, what public school should I name?

208.

The following inscription was found, nearly defaced, on the wall of an ancient church:—

R M M B R M Y P R F C T M N  
V R K P T H S P R C P T S T N.

It was discovered that the addition of a single letter made the lines perfect. What was the letter supplied?

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## ANAGRAMS.

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- 209. Inquire at Cove.
- 210. Never so mad a ladie.
- 211. I. e. best sap.
- 212. Augustus.
- 213. No more stars.
- 214. I cherish our cent.
- 215. Got as a clue.

- 216. To love ruin.
- 217. Lo! not ice, snow.
- 218. Hard case.
- 219. Comical trade.
- 220. Nay, I repent it.
- 221. O! O! base murthyr.
- 222. De façon suis royal.
- 223. Sly ware.
- 224. Golden land.
- 225. Great helps.
- 226. Spare him not.
- 227. Rare mad frolic.
- 228. Claims Arthur's Seat.
- 229. I hire parsons.

# SOLUTIONS.



## CHARADES.

1. Robin-red-breast.
2. Heather-bell.
3. Ho!-me!—Home.
4. Rest-rain—Restrain.
5. Hope-less.
6. Wel-ling-ton.
7. Liber-ty.
8. Nor-folk.
9. Alder-man.
10. Green-land.
11. Spar-row.
12. Pass-Ion—passion.
13. Hum-drum.
14. Grand-father's chair.
15. Moon-shine.
16. Arch-bi-shop.

17. Evans's Boar's Head Cotton.
  18. Ant-elope.
  19. Mend-i-cant
  20. Bishop Bur-net.
  21. Meg Mer-ri-lies.
  22. Arm-strong—(Earl Strongbow being the first invader of Ireland).
  23. Mel-rose Ab-bey.
- 

## ENIGMAS.

24. Snuffers.
25. Tea.
26. A key.
27. Crow.
28. Lo!-ve—Love.
29. D-e-w—(a w in printing being two v's.)
30. Swarm, warm, war.
31. The Alphabet.
32. Man—as he goes on hands and knees in childhood (or the morning of life); on his feet in his prime (or noon); and with a crutch in old age (or at night).
33. To-day.

NAMES OF TOWNS AND CITIES, ENIG-  
MATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- |                |                  |
|----------------|------------------|
| 34. Liverpool. | 45. Newcastle.   |
| 35. Hull.      | 46. Sunderland.  |
| 36. Wakefield. | 47. Carlisle.    |
| 37. Bradford.  | 48. Honiton.     |
| 38. Chester.   | 49. Cockermouth. |
| 39. Newmarket. | 50. Whitehaven.  |
| 40. Rugby.     | 51. Borrowdale.  |
| 41. Swansea.   | 52. Dover.       |
| 42. Milton.    | 53. Margate.     |
| 43. Maidstone. | 54. Scarborough. |
| 44. Melrose.   |                  |

NAMES OF FRUITS, ENIGMATICALLY  
EXPRESSED.

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| 55. Tamarind. | 59. Walnut.    |
| 56. Mulberry. | 60. Almond.    |
| 57. Melon.    | 61. Apricot.   |
| 58. Orange.   | 62. Nectarine. |



- |                       |              |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| 63. Apple.            | 68. Damson.  |
| 64. Pine.             | 69. Filbert. |
| 65. Pear—(pare)       | 70. Medlar.  |
| 66. Chestnut.         | 71. Quince.  |
| 67. Grapes (grasp-es) |              |
- 

**NAMES OF ANIMALS, ENIGMATICALLY  
EXPRESSED.**

- |                    |              |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 72. Lion—(lie on). | 76. Camel.   |
| 73. Tiger—(Niger). | 77. Leopard. |
| 74. Baboon.        | 78. Bear.    |
| 75. Monkey.        |              |
- 

**NAMES OF FLOWERS, ENIGMATICALLY  
EXPRESSED.**

- |                     |                 |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 79. Forget-me-not.  | 85. Bird's-eye. |
| 80. Mary-gold.      | 86. Cornflag.   |
| 81. Bella-donna.    | 87. Snapdragon. |
| 82. Crocus.         | 88. Sage.       |
| 83. Snowdrop.       | 89. Columbine.  |
| 84. Jacob's Ladder. | 90. Primrose.   |

- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 91. Virginia-stock.    | 105. Carnation.     |
| 92. Lady's-slipper.    | 106. Wallflower.    |
| 93. Heartsease.        | 107. Trefoil.       |
| 94. Bluebell.          | 108. Clover.        |
| 95. Harebell.          | 109. Crown Imperial |
| 96. Periwinkle.        | 110. Candytuft.     |
| 97. Shamrock.          | 111. Monkshood.     |
| 98. Narcissus.         | 112. Bindweed.      |
| 99. Mignonette.        | 113. Hawthorn.      |
| 100. Heath.            | 114. May.           |
| 101. Houseleek.        | 115. Sweet William. |
| 102. Foxglove.         | 116. Honeysuckle.   |
| 103. Bachelor's-button | 117. Cowslip.       |
| 104. Broom.            | 118. Buttercup.     |
- 

NAMES OF BIRDS, ENIGMATICALLY  
EXPRESSED.

- |              |                    |
|--------------|--------------------|
| 119. Turkey. | 124. Raven.        |
| 120. Parrot. | 125. Swallow.      |
| 121. Dove.   | 126. Penguin.      |
| 122. Falcon. | 127. Mocking Bird. |
| 123. Owl.    | 128. Wren.         |

- |                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 129. Wagtail.   | 134. Adjutant.     |
| 130. Bullfinch. | 135. Flamingo.     |
| 131. Quail.     | 136. Humming Bird. |
| 132. Partridge. | 137. Woodcock.     |
| 133. Cockatoo.  |                    |

---

### CONUNDRUMS.

138. Because six always go after tea (T).
139. Each orange did a farthing cost;—  
     To this you must assent.  
     Why, then, the reason 's plain enough:  
     You make a farthing (far-thing) present.
140. Because it is leaky (leeky).
141. The one trains the mind, the other minds  
     the train.
142. Because they may be said to be tri-colour-  
     ed—black and white, and red (read).
143. Shop-lifters.
144. Because his only refuge is his pen.
145. Hospitality—for, being strangers, they  
     take them in.
6. Because it contains an ark.

147. Humility (you mill, I tye).
148. Buckinghamshire—for it goes into Oxon  
and Herts (oxen, and hurts).
149. When he deals in shares.
150. Because it renders ice nice.
151. Because his only aim is to check mate.
152. A laundress (lawn dress).
153. At Westminster.
154. Because it contains but a single chapter.
155. Because it has banks on both sides of it.
156. The town of Devizes (devices).
157. Because it makes her hear.
158. Because it is worked in Ayr (air).
159. Because he never makes a *fair* bargain.
160. Ivy (I vie).

## REBUSES.

161.	V ig	O
	I O	U
	C ondo	R
	T arta	R
	O ronook	O
	R oyalt	Y
	I ot	A
	A zrae	L
	R eal	M
	E g	O
	G rea	T
	I ris	H
	N onsens	E
	A i	R

VICTORIA REGINA.

OUR ROYAL MOTHER.

162. P elle W  
 R imin I  
 I si S  
 N erv E  
 C arrar A  
 E to N  
 A ci D  
 L io N  
 B ambo O  
 E b B  
 R ebe L  
 T reasur E

PRINCE ALBERT.

WISE AND NOBLE.

163. P rinc E  
 R easo N  
 I nterestin G  
 N ava L  
 C lariss A  
 E verto N  
 O l D  
 F ranci S  
 W hi P  
 A ncho R  
 L uig I  
 E dwar D  
 S incer E

PRINCE OF WALES.

ENGLAND'S PRIDE.

164. C ræsu S  
 A llegori C  
 R oll O  
 D uelle R  
 I m P  
 G iovann I  
 A ddi O  
 N ewsma N

CARDIGAN.

SCORPION.

165. L ondo N  
 A nn A  
 U sure R  
 D antzi C  
 A nn O  
 N o T  
 U n I  
 M usi C

LAUDANUM.

NARCOTIC.

166.	B om	B
	R ichelie	U
	O siri	S
	U gl	Y
	G ru	B
	H all	O
	A bsur	D
	M onke	Y

BROUGHAM.

BUSYBODY.

167. Pin, an, in, nap, nip—Pain (*Fr.* pain—*bread*).

168. Use, ace, sac, au, sa, ce, Sauce.

169.	H azardou	S
	U ria	H
	D onn	A
	S uga	R
	O taheit	E
	N auseou	S

HUDSON.

SHABES.



170.      M il            D  
             I nterprete R  
             L ad            Y  
             T amarin    D  
             O rang        E  
             N u             N

MILTON.

DRYDEN.

171.      S an    S  
             H ulla H  
             A nn    A  
             K ic    K  
             E v     E  
             S hoe   S  
             P um    P  
             E mpir E  
             A lph    A  
             R oa     R  
             E y      E

SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE.

172. Pole, lost, list, rope, me, port, pool, mole,  
       rose, most, smelt, elm, melt, let, oil,  
       mist, toil—Metropolis.

173. Came, ice, Eric, rice, ire, ace, arm, era,  
       mice, me, mica—America.

174. Able, *capable*, *fable*, *gable*, *cable* *sable*,  
*table*, *stable*.

175. Abel, *Babel*, *Label*, *Mabel*.

176. Cat, teach, chap, hit, cheat, white, hate,  
tip, ape, heat, hat, help, pet, hip—  
Whitechapel.

177. Roan, eel, nor, an, ale, near, lean—Eleanor.

178. Sal-is-bury.

179. Not-ting-ham.

180. Cat.

181. Essex (S X).

182. Dog.

183. W. O. C. (Cow).

184. Northumberland.

185. L incoln.

O use.

O cean.

K ingston.

I taly.

N ile.

G lasgow.

G ibraltar.

L usitania.

A lexandria.

S eine.

LOOKING GLASS.

S hannon.

H 2

186. Douglas.  
 187. Oke-hampton.  
 188. Dover, Andover.  
 189. Win-chester.  
 190. Almond-bury.

191.        R os        S  
              I sli       P  
              P er        U  
              O tte       R  
              N arcissu S

RIPON.

SPURS.

192.        B uda.  
              A rno.  
              L ondon.  
              M unich.  
              O porto.  
              R ome.  
              A rdennes.  
              L yons.

BALMORAL.

193. Y verdon.  
A rabia.  
R ussia.  
M alta.  
O stend.  
U ral.  
T roy.  
H olland.

## YARMOUTH.

194. C harité.  
H umanité.  
A mie.  
M ère.  
P ère.  
S ilencieux.  
E tre.  
L aid.  
Y eux.  
S iège.  
E clât.  
E nnemi.  
S abot.

## CHAMPS ELYSEES.

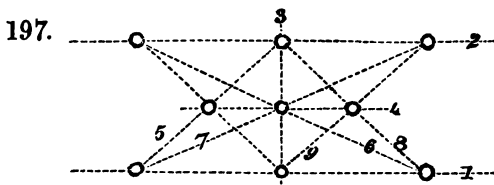
195.     **M** artinique.  
           **A** nvers.  
           **R** atisbon.  
           **S** alamanca.  
           **E** uphrate.  
           **I** talie.  
           **L** ondres.  
           **L** ausanne.  
           **A** sie.  
           **I** rlande.  
           **S** eville.  
           **E** lbe.

**MARSEILLAISE.**

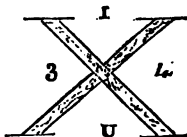
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### PUZZLES.

196. The letter S; for as IX are nine, SIX  
       make six.



198. A large X being drawn, should be dotted all over: then I may be placed above, U below, and two figures at the right and left of the X. It then reads:—I expect (X pecked) U (you) between 3 and 4.



199. Nine; for whilst three and two are 32, two and three are only 23.
200. Two; for, if twenty-four hurdles were placed on each side, and one at each end, to move one line, and put *two* hurdles at each end, would make it just double the size.
201. One; LIX is fifty-nine, LX sixty.
202. Oiseau; A, E, I, O, U, S.
203. XL (Excel). The letters stand for forty.
204. XII    VII    VII  
          AII    VII
205. Water ices; ice creams. (Water I sees; I screams).

206. A ditch.

207. Eton (Eat on).

208. The letter E:—

*Remember me, ye perfect men;  
Ever keep these precepts ten.*

---

### ANAGRAMS.

209. Queen Victoria.

210. Dame Eleanor  
Davies.

211. Pas si bête.

212. Gustavus.

213. Astronomers.

214. Her riches I  
count.

215. Catalogues.

216. Revolution.

217. No slow notice.

218. Charades.

219. Democratical.

220. Penitentiary.

221. Thomas Over-  
bury.

222. François de Va-  
lois.

223. Lawyers.

224. Old England.

225. Telegraphs.

226. Misanthrope.

227. Radical Reform.

228. Charles James  
Stuart.

229. Parishioners.

## ACTING CHARADES.

GOLDSMITH.

*A Charade, in Three Acts.*

ACT I.—GOLD ———

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A NATIVE INDIAN. | Several YANKEES.

SCENE.—A Placero in California. Enter a Native Indian, who begins to grope and dig in the sand. He finds several yellow lumps, and, after giving way to a frenzy of joy, he begins to sift the Gold in a sieve or cradle. Enter Americans, with wide-awakes on, and large shirt-collars, armed also with pistols and bowie knives.

They advance softly from opposite directions,



and eagerly watch the Indian. He, meantime, after collecting a quantity of gold, hides it in the earth. He becomes exhausted, turns, and perceives the new-comers, who have been exchanging looks of jealousy with each other, and covetousness of the Indian's wealth. They half draw out their pistols. One rushes to the place where the gold is concealed, the Indian following him. A contest ensues; the Americans possess themselves of the Gold, and the Indian is thrown down in the struggle. He lies on the ground in agony, watching the strangers divide his treasure. They gesticulate, and quarrel among themselves; at last, becoming thirsty, they go up to the Indian, and make signs that he should tell them where water is to be had. He makes a sign of refusal. They threaten him. He gives tokens of assent, and, looking revengefully at them, indicates a spot where water is to be obtained. They rush off, and presently return with vessels of water. They drink, and offer some to the Indian, who declines with a faint gesture, and expires.

The Americans drink again, and presently, by writhing and contortion, shew they are poisoned. They still, however, try to snatch the gold from each other, and presently fall down.

ACT II.—SMITH.

SCENE.—A Blacksmith's Shop, Blacksmith working at it. Enter a boy leading a horse. He makes signs of calling "Smith! Smith!" The Blacksmith approaches and examines the horse's foot; he pretends to shoe it, then holds out his hand for money. The boy shews, by taking an empty purse out of his pocket, and turning it inside out, that he has no money, and makes signs to the Smith that he is to write out a bill. The Smith makes signs to ask what name. The boy pulls a large card out of his pocket, with the words Mr. Smith on it, and holds it up; the Smith makes out the bill. A gentleman dressed as an Officer walks by, with a lady, to whom he is talking very earnestly.

The boy motions to the Smith, that the Officer is "Mr. Smith;" the Blacksmith goes up to him, and offers the bill. The Officer rejects it; the Blacksmith points to the name, and makes signs that it is his. The Officer pulls out his card and shews "Captain Smith" written on it, and walks off very indignantly. Enter two or three other gentlemen, and finally a lady, whom the boy makes signs is his mother. The Blacksmith offers them all the bill, and they all shew cards, proving that they are DR. SMYTH, REV. C. SMYTHE, and MISS SMITH; the Blacksmith threatens to beat the boy for his deception; he persists Miss Smith is his mother, and kneels to her; she is very angry, and shews that she does not know him, and, taking off her glove, makes the Blacksmith remark she has no ring on her finger. The Blacksmith seizes the boy, and by gestures asks him, is he Mr. Smith? The boy shakes his head, and the man shews that he must become a Smith and work it out. He makes the lad take up the hammer and work. The boy works, and the Smith signs to the company, by hold-

ing up a placard, and pointing to him, that he is a *black SMITH*.

*N. B.* In the latter part of this Scene, the boy must manage to blacken his face, like the Smith's.

### ACT III.—GOLDSMITH.

SCENE.—A small and humbly-furnished room, with several shelves or book-cases in one part. A boy dressed as a Clergyman, sitting at a small table by the fire, writing. A knock is heard at the door; he opens it, and another, dressed as a Beggar, enters,—(he must wear a long beard, and have white hair). The Clergyman makes him welcome, and, going to another door, appears to call the servant, who comes and gets out some bread, cheese, and a jug of beer, and lays them on the table for supper. In the midst of supper another knock is heard, and a young man enters, whose clothes appear to have been once handsome, but are now very shabby. The good Clergyman rises to meet this new visitor, and welcomes him rather

coldly, making signs of disapprobation. The young man hangs his head, and appears penitent, and finally falls on his knees, and kisses the hand of the Clergyman, who extends it to raise him. Another knock is heard, and a poor Soldier with a wooden leg and a crutch enters. He seems to entreat for a bit of bread; the Clergyman welcomes him, shaking hands with him, and making him sit down by the fire. He takes the Soldier's hat, and puts it aside, and presses him to eat; discovers there is no beer in the jug, and signs to the servant for more. She signs that there is none. He takes some water, and appears to wish them health. The Soldier, by his pantomime, appears to be relating some of his adventures, and presently starts up, and, taking his crutch, pretends it is a bayonet, and appears to be fighting. The Clergyman and guests shake hands with him, and appear to wish him health.

## KNIGHTHOOD.

*A Charade, in Three Acts.*

## ACT I.—KNIGHT —

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LADIES and ATTENDANTS; Several ROBBERS, and a KNIGHT, with a helmet on, and fully armed.

SCENE.—A Forest. Enter one or two Ladies in litters, closely veiled, and surrounded by Attendants. Suddenly, the sound of a trumpet or horn is heard, and the Attendants begin to examine their arms, whilst the Ladies, shrieking, draw the curtains of the litters. The Robbers presently make their appearance, rushing on the stage with drawn swords. The Attendants begin to fight with them, when one of the Ladies steps from the litter, and places herself majestically between the contending parties, holding a large bag of gold in her hand, and throwing back her veil, that the Robbers may see her

beautiful face. The chief Robber affects to be struck with delight, and, throwing the bag of gold to the Attendants, endeavours to seize the Lady himself, throwing his arm round her, and dragging her in one direction, whilst she endeavours to extricate herself, and escape by the other. Another of the Robbers goes up to the litter, and, tearing open the curtains, discovers a Lady, whom he drags forth, and is about to carry off in the same direction as the Chief is going, when suddenly a KNIGHT appears with drawn sword, and shield on his arm, and, rushing up to the chief Robber, thrusts him through with his sword. The Robber falls, dragging the Lady with him; the Knight stoops to raise her, and discovers that she has fainted. He carries her to the front of the stage, and, taking off his helmet, makes signs to an Attendant to fetch some water in it. The Attendant brings it, and, on his sprinkling some on her face, she revives, and recognises him. The Robbers meantime have fled; the Lady raises herself, and the Knight, kneeling at her feet, kisses her hand,

and begs for the scarf which is on her neck; she grants it, and, after putting it on himself, he leads her to the litter.

## ACT II.—HOOD.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Several MONKS, ROBBERS, and an ABBOT.

SCENE.—The Great Hall of an Abbey, containing a chest, which is to hold various articles of plate. There must be a door at the opposite side to the one by which the Robbers enter. The Monks are sitting at dinner in the hall, their fare consisting of coarse bread, beans, and water, in common earthen mugs. A loud knocking is heard at the doors. Enter the Robbers, who by gestures intimate that they want some food. The Monks point to that on the table, which the Robbers reject with disdain, seizing some of the Monks, and threatening to shoot them if they do not bring what they would like. The Monks look at each other, and one of the Robbers discovers the opposite



door, and makes signs to the Monk to open it. The latter exhibits symptoms of fear, and falls on his knees to beg for mercy. The Robbers insist, and one of the Monks at last opens the door, and, followed by two of the Robbers, goes into the adjoining room, and returns laden with pasties, wine, and fruits. The Robbers all dance with joy, and make the Monks wait on them at table, shewing as much haughtiness as possible. After supper, one of the Robbers proposes a dance, and another wishes the Monks to dance with them; but the Monks refusing, they tear off their gowns and cowls, and turn them into the next room. Then the Robbers dress themselves in the Monks' dresses, and begin to sing and dance; in the midst of which uproar, *enter the Abbot*. He thinks it must be the Monks misconducting themselves, and by gestures threatens them with punishment, and bread and water. They continue laughing and dancing, and at length, perceiving the plate chest, sign to him to open it, and tear the key from the chain at his neck. They drag him to

a chair, where he witnesses the opening of the chest, and the distribution of its contents among the Robbers, struggling all the time with them; and at last, just as they are about to take their departure, they all throw off the Monks' dresses, and exhibit on a placard, "The Hood does not make the Monk."

### ACT III.—KNIGHTHOOD.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A KING, *with gilt crown on his head*; QUEEN, *with ditto*;  
LADIES IN WAITING; *several* KNIGHTS; and an ES-  
QUIRE, *without spurs*.

SCENE.—The Lists, where a Tournament is to be held. On a circle of high chairs sit the Queen and her Ladies, the King by the side of the Queen. Enter, from opposite sides, several Knights, on wooden horses; they charge bravely at each other, until one completely conquers all the rest. He then struts about the stage, and in-

dicates that there is no one who dares oppose him any longer. He claims the prize,—a sword, which the King holds in his hand. The King and Queen appear vexed and angry, and the King, taking out his watch, shews that he will wait to a certain time before deciding, whilst the Queen and Court seem to be looking for the Esquire, who at length appears, and, after deep reverence to their Majesties, challenges the Knight to fight with him. After a terrible battle, the Knight is wounded. The Queen and Ladies clap their hands, and the Esquire, kneeling before the Queen, she places a laurel crown on his helmet. The King then presents him with a pair of golden spurs, and makes signs to a Lady of the Court to buckle them on his heels. The Lady approaches, blushing; and, after the ceremony, the Esquire kisses her hand. The King then commands him to kneel, and, striking him on the shoulder with his sword, signs that he should rise up—a Knight.

**MARRIAGE.**

*A Charade, in Three Acts.*

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**ACT I.—MAR —****DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

*A runaway* BRIDE and BRIDEGROOM, OLD FATHER of the  
BRIDE, CLERGYMAN, BUTLER, POLICEMAN, THIEVES,  
CHILDREN.

SCENE I.—Supposed to be a Church. At a table, with a towel-horse before it for rails, stands the Clergyman. The young Bride and Bridegroom are standing before it. The Bridegroom has just given the ring, and the Clergyman appears to be putting the question, "Wilt thou have?" &c., when enter Old Father, walking on tiptoe, and concealing himself until his daughter also has signified her assent, when he rushes forward and drags her from the altar. The Bridegroom follows, and endeavours to claim her as his wife, but the Old Father, pulling out his purse full of gold, holds it up, to in-

timate it is that of which he is in want, and with gestures of contempt drags away the Bride, who, weeping, tries to escape to her lover. The Old Father at last turns, and seems to offer his daughter, but intimates that he will not have any of his money. The Bride returns to her lover, who then repulses her, pointing to the purse, and shewing it is that which he requires.

SCENE II.—A Butler's Pantry. Enter Butler and Robber. The Robber examines the plate, and brings a large bag, in which it is to be packed; he shows where it is to be placed, and points to the window, pretending to shut the shutter but not bar it. The Butler looks on, alarmed. The Robber, holding a pistol to his head, shews what he means to do if his party is betrayed. Exit Robber. The Butler walks about the room like one distracted, wringing his hands, and beating his breast. At length, a thought strikes him, and he nods and smiles to indicate that "all's right." Then he leaves the room, and returns with Policemen armed. They begin to pack up the plate

and close the shutters; then put an opiate in wine and hide themselves behind a screen. Enter Robbers by window, with a lantern. They look about, and find the bag of plate, and by shaking hands with each other, and nodding very much, show their pleasure. They observe the wine, and, pouring it out, begin to drink, when they immediately fall down in a stupor, and the Policemen come forward with the Butler, and, tying their wrists and ancles, carry them off.

SCENE III.—One little girl hiding a ball, another looking on: the first one signs to the second not to tell where it is. She puts her finger to her lip and shakes her head to promise silence, and then opens the door, when enter more children. The first little girl begins to play very softly on the piano, while the others search for the ball. After a minute the one who saw where it was put runs up, and shows it to the others, who at once begin to scold her, and finally turn her out of the room.

## ACT II.—RAGE (RIAGE).

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NURSERY-MAID. | CHILDREN. | MAMMA.

SCENE.—A Nursery. Nursemaid curling one little girl's hair, a younger girl playing with a doll, a boy riding on a stick. The Nursery-maid brushes the child's hair rather hard, and curls it tightly up; the little girl shews herself very restless, and finally rushes away, pulling the papers out of her hair. The maid rushes after her, and begins to drag her back, shaking her; they struggle and throw down the doll of the little girl, and break it. She begins to cry, and the boy goes up to comfort her, whilst the elder girl kicks aside the doll, and by her gestures expresses her contempt of her sister. The boy signs to the little one, that they will go to Mamma, when the girl pulls them back. Enter Mamma, who seems to inquire what is the matter, pointing to the broken doll, the un-

curled hair, and torn frock. The Nursemaid appears to be explaining, when the children interrupt, the elder girl seizing the brush, and shewing how hardly her hair was treated, and her red arm, the little girl shewing her doll, and all gesticulating together. The Mamma imposes silence on all, sends the servant away, holding up a card, with "THIS DAY MONTH" on it, and then makes the two little girls go and stand in different corners of the room. Exit with the little boy, shaking her head at the naughty girls.



## ACT III.—MARRIAGE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD BRIDE *and* YOUNG BRIDEGROOM; JEWISH BRIDE *and* BRIDEGROOM; RUSSIAN DITTO; ATTENDANTS, &c.

SCENE I.—Supposed to be a Church, immediately after a wedding; Bridegroom very young, and plainly dressed, the lady leaning on a great stick. She tries to get up to her husband, who is walking quickly away, whilst the Bridesmaids, Clergyman, and others, are at a distance. The Bridegroom turns round, and seems to inquire what she wants. She points to his arm. He draws himself up, and, pointing to his hand, intimates he has given her that, but does not mean to bestow on her his arm. He takes out an empty purse, and, holding it up, points to his face and his mustachios, and intimates, that though he is handsome he has no money, and therefore he has married her for her money, not for her beauty; then makes a low bow to her, and walks to his cab in one

direction, whilst she angrily goes to her carriage in another.

SCENE II.—A Jewish Synagogue and High Priest. Enter Bride and Bridegroom, with a canopy held over their heads. The Bride is veiled from head to foot. After appearing to give an exhortation, the Priest takes a glass of wine, and offers it first to the Bridegroom and then to the Bride. They drink it, then throw the glass on the ground and trample it to pieces. The Priest takes another glass, and, pointing to the broken fragments, and then the perfect glass, intimates, by signs, that, until the broken one is made whole, their union cannot be dissolved.

SCENE III.—A Russian Nobleman, with large beard and mustache, dressing for his wedding. The valet brings him a pair of boots, in one of which he puts a purse, and in the other a whip.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE. IV.—A Drawing-room. Russian Nobleman and Bride returning from church, with friends and attendants. On entering the room, the Nobleman throws himself in a large chair, and commands his wife to take off his boots. She hesitates,—he insists upon it, when she pulls off the one with the whip in it, when she trembles very much, whilst he takes up the whip and gives her one or two blows with it.

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## OBSERVATIONS ON ACTING CHARADES.

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As the acting of Charades is intended as a sort of burlesque, and to excite fun and merriment, something of exaggeration in the pantomime is airily admissible. Affection may be denoted by energetic kissing and shaking of hands; unalterable love, by wild glances at the ceiling and slapping the side with the hand. Surprise is easily evinced by raised hands and eyebrows;

whilst a sudden retreat, with glances over the shoulder, will indicate mingled astonishment and fear. Travellers may show the country they have left or are going to, by labelled cards on their carpet-bags; and a very large one, exhibited at the beginning of each scene, will show what *ought to be* represented by Beverley or some smaller star of scenic decoration. Thus, in the same way the "theatrical properties" (to speak by the card!) are of no very expensive or un-come-at-able description. The lid of a large saucepan will furnish an admirable shield, and the coal-scuttle an unexceptionable helmet. A lady's muff will form a good Persian head-dress, and her boa a sailor's pigtail. A dressing-gown at once makes a robe of state; a band-box will form a barrel of beer; and, as to swords and guns, they may be made, (as they were by the originator of the Euphrates Expedition,) of mere sticks and broom-handles, and, like his, serve all useful purposes, in appearing like weapons—at a distance!

Thus the invention, not the pocket, is in re-

quisition for Acting Charades ; and any little discrepancy will add to the fun of the proceedings.

Having given, as far as my limits will permit, an idea of the style in which Acting Charades are to be performed, I conclude them with a list of words suitable for the purpose.

Words-worth,	New-ton,
Shake-spear,	Cats-paw,
King-fisher,	Pass-word,
Mis-(miss) chief,	Fire-works,
Pen-elope,	Horn-pipe,
Brace-let,	Sweet-heart,
Post-boy,	Waist-coat,
Cole-ridge,	Jack-daw,
Leap-frog,	Sham-rock.

# ACTING PROVERBS.

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## THE VISIT OF MERCY.

*In Three Acts.*

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### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAMMA.

HENRY.

POOR WOMAN.

SERVANT.

CHARLOTTE.

### ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Highway, HENRY and CHARLOTTE walking;  
the POOR WOMAN accosts the latter.*

*Poor Woman.* PRAY, Miss, av it be plazing to yer, bestow a thrifle to keep the life in me poor babby. See, Miss dear, how it's pining; it's since yesterday it's never tasted the cup of milk that in the ould country every stranger has, and a thousand welcomes. For the love of heaven, have pity.

*Charlotte (pityingly).* Poor thing! it does seem

ill, and you too. Here—(*she takes out her purse to give some money; her brother stops her*).

*Henry.* Wait, Charlotte, a moment. Have you not heard how much imposition there often is in these beggars?—how they pretend to be in want, only to excite sympathy? It is merely encouraging vice to give to such.

*Charlotte.* There can be no imposition in the hollow cheeks of this poor creature. And then, look at the poor baby! Oh, Henry! were we not all once as helpless as this little creature? How did we deserve to be so much more fortunate?

*Henry.* So, I suppose you will empty your purse on a woman, of whose wants or merits you know nothing?

*Charlotte.* No, I will not empty my purse; but I will give her enough to buy bread when she gets to the village; and perhaps dear mamma may find her some employment. (*To the Woman*). Here, take this shilling, and get yourself some refreshment when you reach the village. In the evening, if you call at the Hall

perhaps I may be able to do something more. You can work, I dare say?

*Poor Woman.* Thank God, Miss, I can. A thousand blessings on you.

*Charlotte.* Remember to call. You cannot miss your way to the village; it is not half a mile.

*Poor Woman.* I'll soon be there, Miss. Hush! hush! my babby. Sure, you'll have a good dinner soon, me darlint. We'll be there in no time. Och, but it's the light heart makes the light heels, my jewel.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Drawing-room, CHARLOTTE and HENRY, with other Children, playing; the Servant enters.*

*Servant.* IF you please, Miss, a poor woman is here, who says she was desired to call. Can you see her?

*Charlotte.* Oh, I remember! What a pity that she should come just now. Ask her to wait a little. I don't like to disturb mamma.



Or—no—yes—no—tell her to call again to-morrow. I cannot speak to her now. I am engaged this evening.

### ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Hut of the POOR WOMAN, who is watching her sick Child. No food or fire is visible.*

OCH, then, me darlint, this is a sorrowful sight for your poor mother. Oh, but it's little I thought that sweet-spoken young lady, with her kind voice and fine promises, would have forgotten us so soon. Oh, if she hadn't promised I shouldn't have waited here, and hoped for better luck; and may be I might have found some good Christian to be kind to me, and not go from their word. But shure it's the trouble that's in me that makes me rough; and the rich don't know what the poor feel, or what it is to have a dash of hope and then to lose it. Oh! my babby, my babby, I'm afeard to think of you.

(Enter CHARLOTTE and MOTHER, silently; they watch the Woman for a moment; CHARLOTTE takes some bread, meat, and wine out of a basket).

*Mamma (to the Woman).* Here, wet your child's lips with this wine, and take a little yourself. See, the baby has opened its eyes. Come, eat something, and let us see you recover, or my daughter will never forgive herself the suffering she has caused you.

*Poor Woman.* Oh, Ma'am, you be saved our lives! God bless you for it. And the young lady, didn't she do just the same a week ago, when we were all but hungered to death. She's a kind heart of her own.

*Charlotte.* Oh, pray,—pray don't praise me, when I'd forgotten my word to you. But indeed I meant to speak to mamma the next morning, only I went on a visit, and so I forgot it altogether. It was only this morning, when, taking the same walk, I remembered my promise.

*Mamma.* And returned immediately, to try

to fulfil it. Let this painful sight teach you, my child, that a good heart is not the only thing requisite to make a good woman. For this poor woman, you shall find her employment, and so restore her to comfort; and remember for the future, my daughter, not merely, never to put off until to-morrow what you ought to do to-day, but that, where the comfort, the happiness, or perhaps the life of a fellow-creature is concerned, promptness in rendering assistance is frequently half its merit; or, to translate the old Latin proverb—

“ He gives twice who ——.”

THE HOLIDAY.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MISS MALCOLM.

EDITH.

AGNES.

WALTER.

MISS MALCOLM *enters the room in which AGNES and EDITH are sitting. AGNES has a broken doll lying before her; EDITH has her hand bound up, and both appear as if they had been crying. They look angrily at each other.*

*Miss Malcolm.* WHY, my dear children, what can be the matter? Surely this is not the end of the pleasant holiday you were to have! Edith, what is the matter with your arm, my love?

*Edith (advancing slowly).* Oh! please take care, Miss Malcolm. I've burnt my arm, and it does hurt so; and it was all Agnes's fault. I never would have played with fire if it had not been for you, I'm sure.

*Agnes.* Indeed, Miss Malcolm, [Edith has been very naughty, and she has broken the pretty doll god-mamma gave me. Only see! Its face is quite spoilt; and she would light pieces of paper, though I told her not.

*Edith.* Because you would not play with me, Agnes; and I was so tired of having nothing to amuse me. But indeed, Miss Malcolm, I did not mean to be naughty.

*Miss Malcolm.* But where is Walter? How does it happen he is not with you? I thought you begged for this holiday that you might all enjoy yourselves together.

*Agnes.* So we did for a long time, but then we got tired, and Walter wanted us to go and have a run in the garden, and we didn't like; and then—(*Enter WALTER, with his jacket torn*).

*Walter.* Oh, Miss Malcolm, I never will ask you for another holiday for my sisters. You don't know how cross they've been; and then they're so lazy. They wouldn't even go out in the garden all day long; and I'm sure it was ten o'clock before they came down stairs, though

the sun was shining as brightly as if it had been June instead of January.

*Miss Malcolm.* Then, of course, you were not equally lazy; you have done a good piece of your holiday task, have you, Walter?

*Walter (hanging his head).* Why, no, I have not. You see I was expecting them down every minute, and so I didn't think it worth while.

*Miss Malcolm.* Then you forgot the old proverb—"Take care of the minutes, the hours will take care of themselves." And you see, whilst you blame your sisters for their idleness, you were acting as wrongly. Suppose you had worked hard at your task before breakfast, do you think you would have been so cross with your sisters? and would you not have had plenty of time afterwards to play? And you too, little girls, if you had dressed at the proper time, and prepared your lessons for to-morrow before you began your games, would have enjoyed a run in the garden. You would have liked afterwards to play together in the house, and, feeling you had done your duty, would have been disposed

to kindness to each other. Now, I am afraid your holiday has been anything but a happy day.

*Walter.* Not to me, for one. I went to look at the dogs, and was just playing with one, when he seized hold of my jacket, and I thought he was going to worry me. I was so frightened, I ran away, and, getting over a ditch, I fell and hurt myself. I'm sure it will be a long time before I shall ask for another holiday.

*Agnes and Edith.* Nor I neither. I would rather be at lessons all day.

*Miss Malcolm.* You see, my dears, all these misfortunes were caused by your idleness in the morning. There is nothing like industry for keeping people happy. Then work is like play, and even at play you work. Remember the old saying—"Idleness is——."

*The Children.* Yes, indeed. We had forgotten that proverb to-day, but we never will again.

[*Exeunt.*]

## HOLIDAY AMUSEMENTS.

*In Two Acts.*  

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. MELFORT. | AGNES. | CLARA.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—CLARA and AGNES seated at a table, surrounded by working materials, implements for writing, &c.

CLARA. WELL, Agnes, what do you mean to do with yourself during all these Christmas holidays? How delightful to be allowed to do precisely what one likes! I was really afraid Miss Andrews would remain with us all the vacation, and then there would have been no vacation at all,—nothing but the same dull, tiresome routine every day.

AGNES. How can you say so, Clara? I am sure we have always enjoyed our holidays with Miss Andrews. What trouble she takes in read-



ing to us, telling us stories, and keeping us pleasantly employed !

*Clara.* Yes! that is just it! Pleasantly employed, indeed! when she never permits us to have a variety of employment; when one can never begin a second thing without that stupid old saying being quoted, "One thing at a time;" as if one *could* do more than one thing at the same moment.

*Agnes.* Perhaps not at the same moment, Clara; but you know mamma tells you you are too fond of doing a thousand different things in a thousand hours, and never finishing anything.

*Clara.* Well, I do really mean to do a thousand things these holidays, and (you need not smile, Agnes!) to finish every one. First, I mean to work mamma a splendid point-lace bertha; then papa must have a pair of slippers; and Cousin Edward asked me to make him a smoking cap; and I really must do something for Aunt Eleanor's wedding. And—

*Agnes.* Why, Clara! do you not mean to do

anything except work all the holidays? Why, even the things you have named already would take from this time until the Exhibition!

*Clara.* The Exhibition! That just reminds me. You know I begged mamma to apply for space, and so I must do something for it. What shall it be, Agnes? I was thinking, a point-lace veil, for instance.

*Agnes.* Well, really, Clara, I can say nothing, only that I don't envy you your task. But pray do not begin everything and finish nothing. You know how it will vex mamma.

*Clara.* Oh, I'll begin this very minute. There, see how much I shall get done this morning. But, dear me, where can my point-lace cottons be? I'm sure I had them in my hand yesterday.

*Agnes.* Did you not lay them down when the periodicals came in? Very likely Sarah has put them away.

*Clara.* I dare say she has. I will ring and ask her.

## ACT. II.

SCENE.—*A Drawing-room; two small tables, laid out with the work of AGNES and CLARA. Enter MRS. MELFORT, AGNES, and CLARA.*

*Mrs. Melfort.* WELL, my dear girls, you have here the work you have done during the holidays: there seems to be a great deal, and, indeed, I shall be greatly delighted to find you have been usefully employed during the last four weeks. For though the time has been in one sense *your own*, no time can really be so called altogether, since it is a loan from Heaven for which we must all account. However, let me see the pretty work that has occupied you. Agnes, where is yours.

*Agnes.* These knitted braces are for dear papa; and I have worked aunt a pair of slippers for her wedding-day. See, mamma, how well this new material answers.

*Mamma.* Yes, that filloselle has really a very rich effect. Your aunt cannot fail to be pleased.

*Agnes* (*placing a collar on her mamma's neck*).

And if you will wear this point-lace, mamma, it will make me very proud of my work.

*Mrs. M.* I am both proud and pleased, my dear child, with your successful industry. But, Clara, how is this? Why are you looking so sad, my little daughter?

*Clara.* Mamma, I'm afraid you will not be pleased with me. I did intend to have so many pretty things for you.

*Mrs. M.* And you have not one; is that it, Clara? But come, let me see what is here. This collar, as far as it goes, is really handsome; and the slippers very well begun; and this—what is this meant for? Is it a mat, my dear?

*Clara.* Pray, mamma, don't laugh at me. Don't you see it is Edward's smoking cap?

*Mrs. M.* No, I really did not see that; and I am afraid I must give the reason Tilburina's papa does: "Because 'tis not in sight!" But let me hope it will be, one day. And this mass of wool and canvas, braid and cotton; what is it?

*Clara.* Things I have begun, mamma.

*Mrs. M.* Well, my dear girl, you see how

worse than useless your holidays have been; for you have wasted time that was not your own, and money that might have done much good to others; and all through that fatal defect, the want of perseverance. Since you cannot control yourself, you must submit to the guidance of others, and henceforth have apportioned tasks, and limited pocket-money. When you prove you have conquered your besetting sin, I shall rejoice to place you again on an equality with your sister. For you, Agnes, I do not intend to pay you for doing right; but you will accept and wear this watch, as a mark of my approbation.

*Agnes.* A thousand thanks, dear mother. But poor Clara?——

*Mrs. M.* Shall have this similar one, whenever she evinces that she has conquered her idleness and really acts upon the good old motto——

## THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

*In Two Acts.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. and MRS. NEWTON.

MISS NEWTON.

MR. and MISS SELFBY.

MRS. VOLATILE.

MISS DORMER.

A LAWYER.

## ACT. I.

SCENE.—MISS SELFBY'S *Drawing-room.* Enter MR. and  
MISS SELFBY.

*Mr. Selfby.* WELL, Martha, here you see are all my prognostications come true. Here is Mr. Dormer dead, and his daughter, reared in the lap of luxury, left to struggle with the world, without a penny to help herself. I always said this would be the end of it.

*Miss Selfby.* And so did I. How often have I remonstrated with her father on his lavish extravagance, which he, I suppose, called benevolence! Now his daughter will be in need of

charity herself, if all be true, for I am sure she is too fine a lady to be capable of earning her bread.

*Mr. S.* As a governess, she may, perhaps. To be sure she is gentle and pretty.

*Miss S.* Very indispensable qualities in a governess, doubtless. For my part, I never could see any beauty about her, although certainly she was greatly admired; but her supposed heiress-ship?—

*Mr. S.* Might have something to do with it, perhaps, but not all. No, to do Miss Dormer justice, she is a good and lovely creature; and I should be truly glad to assist her if,—if one could do it without too much trouble. Ah! here is Mrs. Volatile! She will be able to tell us something of poor Miss Dormer.

*Mrs. Volatile enters, greatly excited, and sits fanning herself for some time before she speaks.* My dear Miss Selfby, I've just been to witness such a melancholy sight! Poor Miss Dormer is left without a penny. She will be obliged to leave the Villa directly, previous to

taking a situation. Poor thing! Such ruin, after all her expectations!

*Miss S.* How did she look, Mrs. Volatile? Is she still as haughty as ever?

*Mrs. V.* Haughty? I cannot say I ever found her that. To be sure she was particular; but proud! oh no; I don't think her worst enemy can accuse her of that.

*Miss S.* Well, I have asked her here over and over again. It will be long before she has another invitation, though I dare say she would be glad enough to accept it. (*A knock is heard*). Dear me! who can that be? Well, it is Miss Dormer herself. (*She bends to MISS DORMER, without offering to shake hands. MISS DORMER curtseys*). Pray be seated, Miss Dormer. We were just saying how sorry we were to hear of your losses. It is very sad, and most culpable of your father.

*Miss Dormer (rising).* Excuse me, madam. My father's conduct was too confiding,—too generous, if you will. Culpable it was not; and,



so recent as is my only great loss, I cannot bear his memory reproached.

*Mr. S.* Pray sit down, Miss Dormer. There is no intention to offend you. You know you have always had our best wishes.

*Miss D.* Presuming on your friendship, madam, I have come to ask you if,—if,—in short, I am in a state of great embarrassment. I shall look immediately for a situation; but, meantime, I am,—I am without funds; and as you are the oldest friends of my father, I have ventured to apply to you in my difficulty.—A small loan, until I can repay you.

*Miss S.* And when will that be, Miss Dormer? Really I am astonished at you! To ask a loan of money when there is no certainty of repaying it!

*Mrs. V.* My dear Miss Selfby, there would be no merit in lending, were you certain of repayment.

*Miss S.* But how is she to repay it?

*Miss D.* Pardon me, madam, I can work.

Thanks to my good, dear father, who gave me an education that no reverse can deprive me of. But excuse me; I believed I was addressing a friend. I see my error. .

*Mr. S.* My sister is quite disposed to be a friend to you in a proper way, Miss Dormer; understand me, in a proper way. You are aware your present position is totally different to that you have occupied, and of course you must expect to find alterations. But as far as giving you a home for a few weeks, if you are disposed to be useful, I think—I am sure——

*Miss D. (again rising).* Thank you, sir, but whilst I have health and youth, I will earn my own bread. Not for a moment would I desecrate my father's memory by being under obligations so unwelcome. Adieu. May you, Miss Selfby, never *need* a friend, or, needing, may you find one!

[*Exit.*

## ACT II.

SCENE.—MRS. NEWTON'S *Drawing-room*. MR. and MRS.  
NEWTON and MISS DORMER.

*Mr. Newton.* POOR child! How grieved I am to hear this sad history! Your poor father, too—so upright—so honourable! to be crushed with a load of debt, and die in misery. But why, Helen, never apply to us? You must have known how we should sympathise with you.

*Miss D.* I feel you do, and oh! how I thank you for it. But so many supposed friends have turned their backs on me, I thought—I feared——

*Mr. N.* That we also should be summer friends? But Helen, though we blamed your father's too great goodness you did not think we could now upbraid you. Surely the time of sorrow is not one for faults to be dwelt on. The very cloud that darkens the horizon ought to obscure the errors of our friends;—if, indeed, failings so like virtues can be errors.

*Mrs. N.* But now, Helen, that you are here, you must remain with us. We have no daughter, and——

*Miss. D.* My dear Mrs. Newton! How kind! But I have a sacred duty to perform. I must work, and pay my father's debts, before I can enjoy happiness with you. If, indeed, I could be useful to you——

*Mrs. N.* To be sure you can. Why, Mr. Newton wants some one to play at chess with;—some one he cannot beat so easily as he does me. And I,—oh I have longed for a daughter, Helen,—I shall find you ample employment: do not fear. (*A loud knock. Enter LAWYER, followed by MR. and MISS SELBY.*)

*Miss Selfby.* My dear Miss Dormer, my dearest Helen! Such news! My dear, you are an heiress, worth——

*Lawyer.* An estate of 4000*l.* per annum, madam, by the will of your godfather, who has left you his sole heiress, with the proviso——  
(*HELEN sinks into a chair.*)

*Miss S.* And I have come to carry you off, Helen; we shall be so delighted.

*Miss D.* Excuse me, Miss Self by. I have just accepted, most gratefully, the home and the protection of this kind lady; and——

*Miss S.* Bless me, Helen! Don't you know we are the oldest friends your father had? Why, we knew him twenty years before ever Mrs. Newton.

*Miss D.* True, madam; but it is not length of acquaintance that insures friendship; and if my dear Mrs. Newton will give the same position to the heiress she did to the penniless girl, believe me, I shall never forget that her kindness has stood the test of adversity, and that

“A friend——”

PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED.

1. He gives twice, who gives quickly (bis dat, cui cito dat.)
2. Idleness is the root of all evil.
3. One thing at a time.
4. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

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PROVERBS SUITABLE FOR ACTING.

WASTE not, want not.  
 Slow and steady wins the race.  
 Listeners never hear any good of themselves.  
 Deeds, not words!  
 Honesty's the best policy.  
 A still tongue makes a wise head.  
 Out of debt, out of danger!

Volto sciolto, pensieri stretti.

Where there's a will there's a way.

A scalded child dreads cold water.

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Pride will have a fall.

Let us speak as we find.

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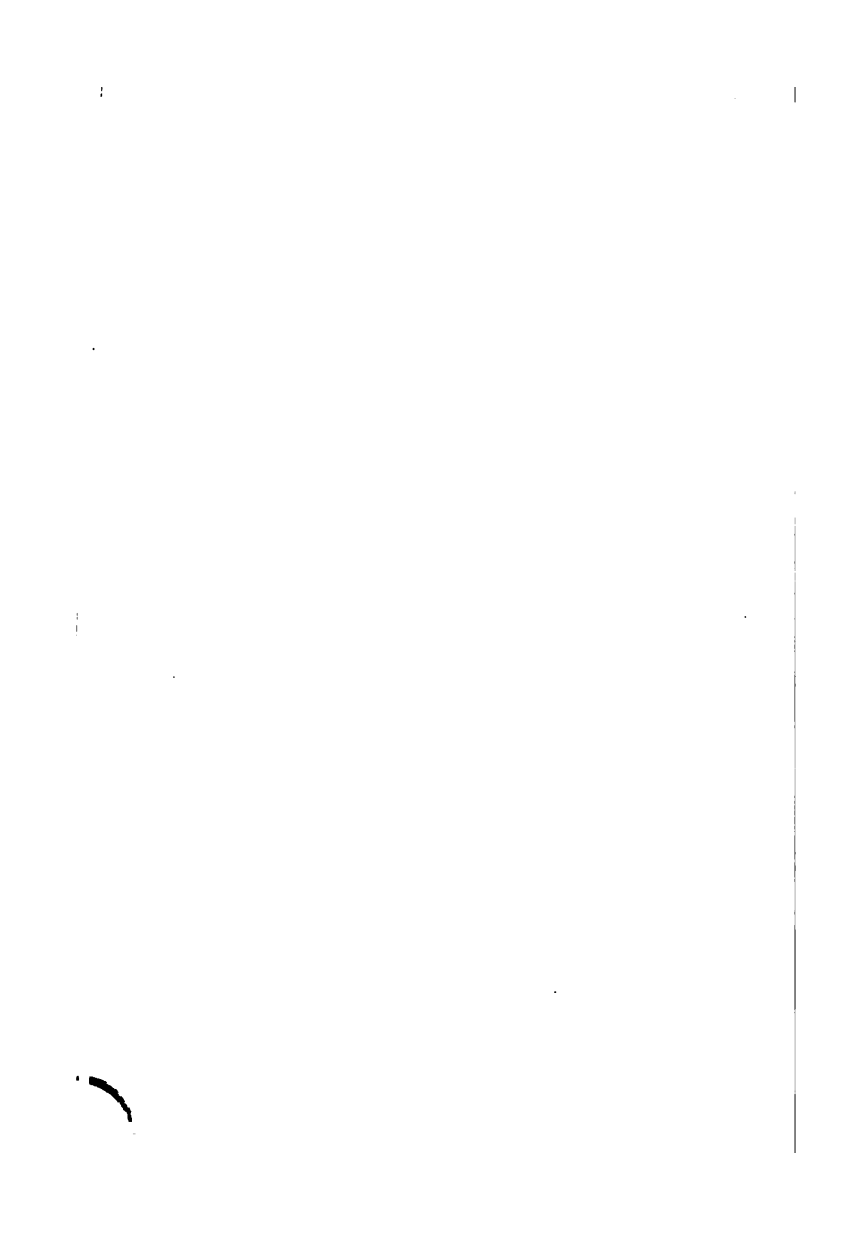
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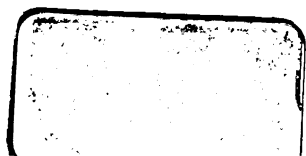
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